

£1.75 Not for sale to children
(\$3.95 in the USA)

**LET MEEEEEE
EEEEEE-EEE
EEEE-EEE
EEEE-EEE
ENTERTAIN YOU!**
**ZOETROPE of the MILLENIUM
FREE INSIDE!**



Issue 95

I MUST SAY -
IT'S VERY REFRESHING TO SEE A
MAN TAKING AN INTEREST IN
SERIOUS LESBOTIC ISSUES.

ACTUALLY PET,
I'M BRINGING IT BACK.
HAVE YOU GOT OWT WITH A
BIT MORE CLAM-NOSHING
IN IT?

scan by dextravix

...WITH
PICTURES.

**All your favourites
plus BILLY THE FISH
CLAMPER VAN
BEETHOVEN
and Jimmy Nail's scrotum**

ISSN 0952-7966



9 770952 796054



STUDENT GRANT



HYA! TARDUN! LISTEN- I'M ON MY ONE-2-ONE - THIS IS A TERRIBLE LINE - CAN YOU CALL ME BACK? I'M ON 005690 6147... CIAO!



DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE DEE... DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE... DEE DEE DE-DEE DEE DEE DEE DEE... DIDDLE-EE DEE DEE DE-DEE...



I HYA. YEAH. THIS IS A MUCH BETTER LINE. LISTEN- CAN YOU GET ME A BAG OF NUTS TOO?



ROGER MELLIE

THE MAN ON THE TELLY



SOCCER SHOCKER!

New commitment rate hike kicks players where it hurts

PROFESSIONAL footballers were reeling last night after the Chancellor of the English Football Association raised the players' commitment rates for the third time this year. A rise of 50 percentage points means that all players must now give 250 per cent effort each time they take the field.

League

The decision was taken to bring the FA into line with the Bundesliga, which raised its own rate last week.

"We had little choice but to take this action" said David Davies, the only man left at the FA. "No one likes to raise commitment rates, but we must take these steps if we are to remain competitive in Europe."

Fathom

But many amateur clubs fear that this is beyond their players' means. "All our players hold down full time jobs," said Phil



Keegan: Thousand per cent.

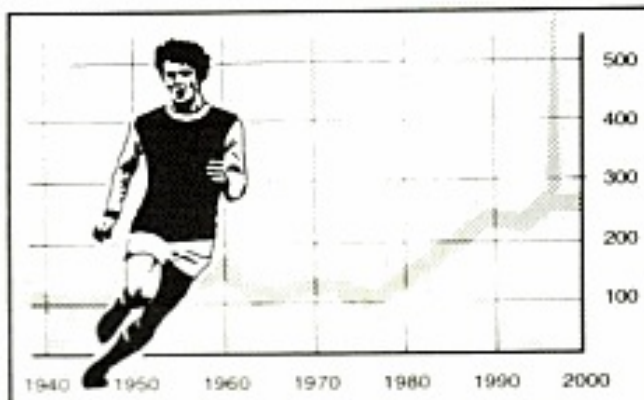
Castiaux, secretary of Blyth Spartans. "They cannot possibly go to work during the week and then give 250 per cent on a Saturday. The level should be capped for part time players. They cannot be expected to give much more than 170."

By our sports staff,
a fat red-faced drunk

Britain enjoyed a stable 100 per cent rate throughout the seventies. But in 1982 it was raised to 101 per cent by Trevor Francis during a controversial summing up on Match of the Day. The eighties saw the rate creep up to 110 per cent.

Chain

The highest ever commitment rates occurred on 'Black Saturday', when comments by Kevin Keegan sent rates spiralling. The part-time England coach promised to give a thousand per cent in his new job, causing many clubs to panic and set their own commitment rates. By the end of play that afternoon, the rate had reached an unsustainable 10,000 per cent. Officials at Lancaster Gate finally stepped in and restored sanity by announcing a standard rate of 200 per cent.



A graph yesterday.

We called Keegan at Bisham Abbey, to see how his 1000 per cent commitment to the England job was going, but we were told he was probably at Fulham F.C.

that day. "If he's not there, you might catch him at his racing stables in Hampshire or perhaps at home in Durham," the cleaning lady told us.

THE WHEEL SECRET BEHIND YOUR FELLAS LUNCHBOX

YOU can tell what a man packs in his lunchbox by watching how he holds his car steering wheel, researchers advised women yesterday.

BOTTOM of the lunchbox league is the anxious motorist who drives with one hand on the wheel and the other hovering over the horn. Verdict: "Dull and unimaginative packed lunch, limp cheese sandwiches, non-branded chocolate biscuit and a scotch egg."

STEER CLEAR of the man who grabs the wheel with both hands at exactly the same height. Verdict: "No appetite for lunch. A bag of crisps, a flask of tea and he's happy until teatime."

BETTER is the guy who holds the top of the wheel with two hands close together.

Verdict: "Adventurous sandwiches on unusual breads, fancy salads and little tomatoes, a Mr Kipling cake and a bag of Quavers."

BORING. Those who drive with both hands firmly clenching the bottom of the wheel.

Verdict: "Same packed lunch every day. Ham, cheese and pickle sandwiches on Mother's Pride, raspberry yoghurt and an apple."

BEST EATERS drive with one hand at the 8



Christie: Obligatory in lunchbox article.

o'clock position and the other at 2 o'clock, says the Aston University study, which looked at the driving habits of 7 men, then asked their wives what they liked in their sandwiches. Verdict: "Doorstep sandwiches packed with filling, 2 sausage rolls, a can of pop, a Mars bar and a family bag of Cheesy Wotsits. And another sausage roll."

"My husband
laughed when
I knelt down
to play the
pink oboe"

I can teach your wife
to play the pink oboe
in seven days, or
your money back.
Send £400 and
your wife
to: The Randy
Bollocks
School of Music,
Filth Street,
Soho.



Tearooms in crisis...Tearooms in crisis...

Ooh! Betty's!

BRITAIN'S cake-strapped tearooms are reaching crisis point as a record demand for light refreshments stretches resources to the limit. And now Tea Service bosses fear that many pensioners may have to go without the nice cup of tea and cakes that they so desperately feel like.

The position has become so bad that Tea Service bosses may consider refusing waitress service for certain OAPs because there simply aren't enough tables.



Dr. Clive Foot - Elevenes

That's one of the recommendations of a controversial report leaked from the Mr. Kipling Institute, an independent Tea Service think-tank.

National Tea Service faces Meltdown

"Unseasonably normal weather has led to elderly people pottering around spa towns," says Dr. Clive Foot of Harrogate University's Department of Elevenes.

"Inevitably a good proportion are going to fancy a nice bit sit down with a cup of tea and a cake, and unfortunately our tea-shops cannot cope. If the weather doesn't get a bit parkier, and demand continues at this rate, I can see the whole system

By our
tea service
writer

Alan Bennett



collapsing in the next three months."

The report cites shocking examples of cases where the system has already broken down under the strain:



A British tea room working at full strength.

*A junior waitress forced to work a 10 hour shift, who miscalculated the amount of sugar in a cup of tea, leaving an 80-year-

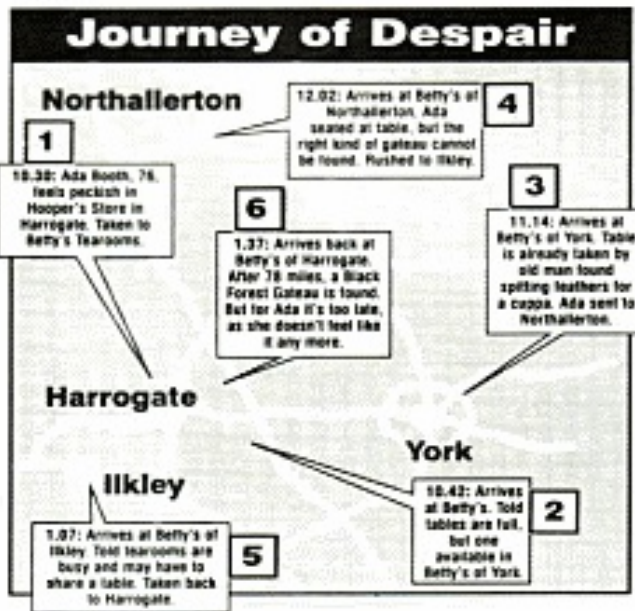
old lady PULLING A FACE and muttering to her sister.

*An old man of 82 being seated at a table that was still covered in CRUMBS from the previous occupant's scones.

*A plate of biscuits left for 3 days on a cake trolley in a CORRIDOR because staff were unable to find a table for it.

*A 76-year-old woman, taken on a 78 MILE round trip to find a tearoom serving Black Forest Gateau.

A spokesman for Betty's, one of Britain's biggest tearoom chains confirmed last night that stocks of Earl Grey were low, but there was no cause for alarm as yet. "Every old person who genuinely fancies a cup of tea and a bite to eat will be served. They just may have to be a little more patient," he told us.



Where are they NOW?

Take That!

Groundbreaking boy band Take That! were never out of the headlines in the nineties, but after their dramatic split, they slipped from the public eye. Whatever happened to those lively lads, asks 15 year old Ada Trousers from Braintree in Yorkshire.



(Clockwise from top left)

Gary Barlow, the bozz-eyed tubby one who penned the band's hits, was declared bankrupt in 1997, after blowing an estimated £40 million on fizz bombs and sherbert dips. He now runs a small newsagents shop at Four Lane Ends in Newcastle upon Tyne.

Robbie Williams, the first to leave the band bought a milk round in Ashby de la Zouch, Staffordshire.

On the band's break-up, **Howard Donald** took the opportunity to realise a lifetime ambition and walk around the world. On his return, his dad got him a job at Boulby Potash mine in Cleveland, where he is presently deputy overman.

Jason Orange left the band with an estimated £10 million which he invested in a revolutionary scientific process to extract gold from sea water. He now lives in a bus shelter in Peterborough.

Mark Owen sank his money from the band into a gas-turbine mobile sex library specialising in under-the-counter farmyard pornography. Business has boomed and he now earns up to and in excess of £100 per week.



JANET STREET-PORTER CRUSOE

AND HER RESEARCHER FRIDAY



LetterBocks

The page that's as hairy as the Queen Mum's mary

I don't fancy mine much

★ STAR LETTER

□ I had to laugh the other day. It was in the script. Noel Edmonds 'Crinkly Bottom'



□ I'd love to scuttle that ginger-minged Anne McKeiv from that programme where they do up people who already have plenty of money's houses. Do any other readers have a "Borderline Boiler" they wouldn't mind knocking their nail into?

S. Logan
Rutherford

* Is there a bird you fancy who is teetering on the brink of boilerdom? Someone who, in the right light, is worth a poke - but only just. Write to Borderline Boilers at our usual address. For every letter we publish we will buy one pint of beer for charity. And a bag of peanuts.



□ It is often said that "you are what you eat". Well Mick Hucknall must have scoffed a lot of hairy pie in his time. Because he's a twat.

Mark Boardman
Stockport

□ How come women are always changing their mind, but they never upgrade at the same time?

David Edge
Derby

TOP TIP

PRETEND you're on the Jerry Springer show by sitting in your dentist's waiting room and punching the first person who enters the room.

Hapag
Runcorn

Load of cobras

□ In Letterbocks, your last issue, you stated that snakes don't have cocks. Nonsense. In Japan snakes' cocks are considered something of a delicacy.

F. Tohill
Campsie

* What we meant was that snakes have tiny cocks.

□ Fuck the Dome. Why not celebrate the Millennium in style by nuking the Moon? What better way to commemorate man's triumph over nature? And a spectacular fireworks display too. There'd be a serious point to it as well, as such a show of strength would serve as a chilling warning to any aliens who were thinking of having a go. So come on Tony, press that button. Let's wipe that funny look off the man in the Moon's face for good!

Jake
E mail

TOP TIP

OFFICE MANAGERS. Keep sexual harassment complaint forms in the bottom draw of your desk. That way, every time a female employee needs one of the forms, you'll get a terrific view of her arse.

Edward Hitler
E mail

Letterbocks
P.O. Box 1PT
Newcastle upon Tyne
NE99 1PT
Fax 0191 281 9048
viz.comic@virgin.net



Millennium tug

□ As it will probably be the last opportunity I get, I plan to spend New Year's Eve 1999 wanking over Internet filth. Do any other readers have special plans for seeing in the new Millennium?

Neil Weatherall
Dunstable



□ I spotted Jimmy Hill, not in Viz but on this saucy seaside postcard where, in response to an enquiry about cucumbers, Jim humorously alludes to the size of his penis and implies a sexual attraction to the female customer.

Miss S. Hall
& the sandwich boy
Jesmond

TOP TIP

SKIERS. Don't wipe your bums for the duration of your holiday. In the event of an avalanche this will greatly increase your chances of being located by sniffer dogs.

S.S.
Bunny, Notts

Animal magic

□ The other day, while throwing all my belongings out onto the lawn and crying hysterically, my wife accused me of behaving like an animal. I ask you, what animal on Earth is capable of lying under a glass top coffee table and having a wank while his wife's sister has a dump on it?

Women, eh?

CWALS
Monash University E mail

TOP TIP

CAUGHT looking at another man's penis at the pub urinal? Be sure to systematically stare at everyone else's, so it doesn't look like you were singling him out for scrutiny.

H. L.
Evertitch

Pop the question

□ If it's true what they say, "Once you pop, you can't stop", why the fuck are Pringles tubes resealable?

A. Bean
Sudbury

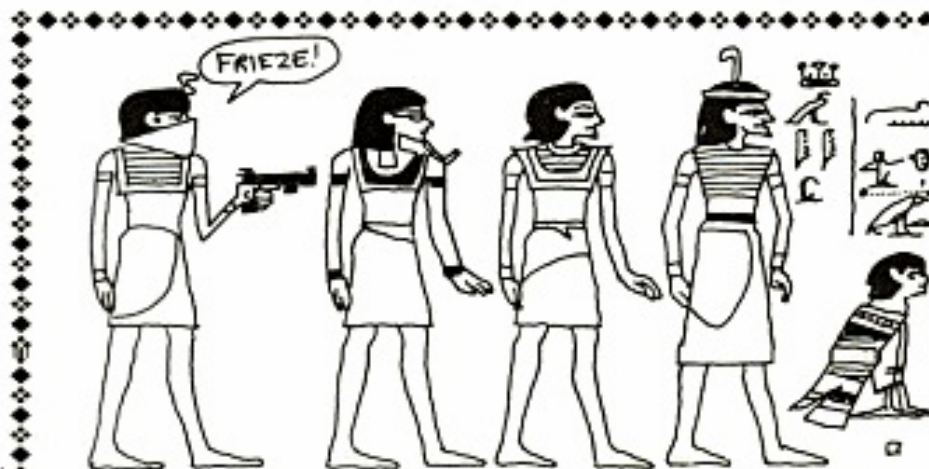


□ Why do our media and politicians often refer to the evil Iraqi dictator Saddam Hussein simply as 'Saddam'. You could hardly imagine Iraqi TV broadcasting a message to the people of Baghdad saying "Last night we were bombed again by Bill and Tony".

Neil F. Mayell
London SE12

□ I have been reading Viz for the last 12 years. I will never forget the day my then girlfriend initiated me into the delights of immature arse humour. In those days it was funny, but now it is shit. You have got a bloody cheek to keep putting the price up the way you do. Do I win fifteen quid?

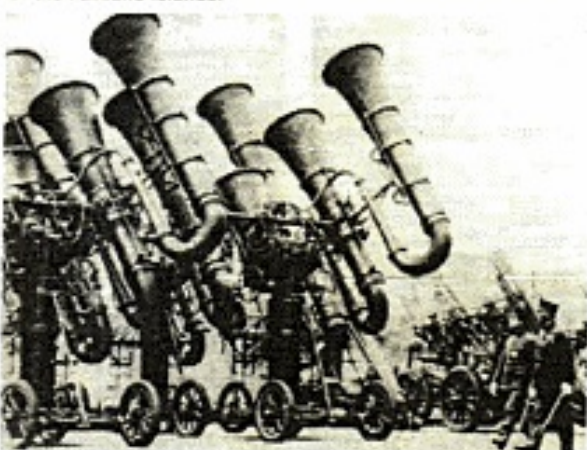
Jaker
E mail



BACK ISSUES



As part of their expansion plans, The Viz Nuclear Back Issue Facility at Bradley Stoke North have invested in a state-of-the-art Back Issue Return Detection System (BIRDS), seen here being inspected by top-ranking officials of the Japanese army. The BIRDS machine is capable of detecting the sound of a copy of Viz not being sold in newsagents as far away as Auckland, or the Falkland Islands.



The information is processed, and the numbers of available back issues are pecked into a wax cylinder by specially trained pigeons, working twenty-four hours a day. TV art teacher and former Ghurka, Tony Hart then takes a rubbing from the cylinder to create a positive image of the issue numbers available. Here is the latest rubbing.

39 57 59 60 66 73 77 80 83 84
86 87 88 89 90 91 92 93 94

Simply circle the issue numbers which you require. Back issues cost £2 each (UK) or £2.50 (overseas). Prices include postage and a healthy mark up. Then fill in your details below and send this form (or a copy of it) together with your payment to the address below where it will be urgently processed in a matter of up to 28 days. Indicate your method of payment by ticking one of the following:

- ☐ I enclose a cheque/postal order crossed and made payable to 'John Brown Publishing Limited' OR
- ☐ They asked me my mother's maiden name and when I told them it they gave me a credit card. So please debit my account as follows:

Card Type _____ Expiry date _____

Card No. _____

Name _____

Address _____

Post code _____

Send this form (or a copy of it) to:
THE VIZ NUCLEAR BACK ISSUE FACILITY
Customer Interface, Bradley Pavillions,
Bradley Stoke North, BS32 0PP

Or you can order back issues by phone using your credit card on **01454 620 070**

TOP TIP

BEACH-GOERS. Mix a little blue food colouring in with your sun lotion to make it easier to spot those little patches you have missed.

N. Hall
Australia

Book early

It can't be long now till you start giving away unsold copies of Roger's Profanisaurus in Richer Sounds. Perhaps you could let me know the exact date so I can go down and pick one up for free in return for buying a lollipop or whatever.

John Parkes
Leeds

* No Mr Parkes. We have a two-way arrangement with Richer Sounds, and this year every bookshop in Britain will be giving away £500's worth of unsold hi fi equipment with every Profanisaurus sold.

TOP TIP

RUN a length of string through an Edam cheese. Hey presto! A delightful aromatic candle which will fill your home with the smell of burning cheese.

J. Tait
Thropton

Honourable member



In response to your request for readers with dicks resembling celebrities. I have the good fortune to be circumcised, and by the addition of a miniature pair of spectacles - fashioned with a pipe cleaner - I can transform my member into a dead ringer for right-wing Labour MP and unfounded cannibal rumour victim Gerald Kaufman.

Graham Brook
Wilmslow

Den of iniquity



"Not so Dirty Den now" says Leslie Grantham on that new soap ad. It must be good if it's washed the blood off his hands.

Big Bean
Edinburgh

I wish the irresponsible makers of ITV's "Don't Try This At Home" would stress the title of the show more. Only the other day I arrived home to find my wife and children attempting to drive a Mini Moke across a rope bridge suspended between two hot air balloons at 30,000 feet. Blindfolded. With a snake in their pants. On fire. Etc. In our living room.

John Tait
Thropton

TOP TIP

GARY BUSHELL. Prevent attacks by homosexual vampires by sprinkling your buttocks with Holy water and shoving a clove of garlic up your arse.

Saucer 51
e mail

I found this in our local newspaper. Talk about distinctive looks. This attacker sounds like a right cunt to me.

Colin Smith
Knottingley

TOP TIP

HALE and Pace. In your 'Jobs For The Boys' show, why don't you have a go at being fucking comedians.

Barberella
Finchley

Defaecation, ooh ooh, defaecation...

I'm up to day 17 without going for a shit. I wonder if any of your readers could lend me a couple of pit props so I might make it into the record books.

Martin Evans
Corwen

* What's the longest gap you've ever had between shits? In the eighties our secretary regularly used to sit on one for a fortnight. Write and share your amusing constipation anecdotes with our rapidly-declining readership. Write to 'Long Time No Shit' at our usual address. For every penny you spend on postage we will make a matching donation towards the cost of our television licence.

TOP TIP

ONCOMING motorists. Don't bother flashing me. I know only one of my fucking headlights is working, okay?

Chris Mappley
Carshalton

Mott-o

They say that 'a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush'. Well I got a bird's bush in my hands last Saturday night, and I only had to buy her two drinks. How do these know-it-alls explain that then?

Alan
Kings Cross

The woman broke from his grasp and ran off down Wesley Street. The attacker did not follow.

He is described as muscular with long, dark hair, possibly cut in a beefy curtain style. He wore a tight white shirt with short sleeves which showed off his biceps.

Det Con Paul Smith said the town centre was very busy when the attack had seen something or more.

□ Bearing in mind the outcome of recent murder investigations, might it not be an idea for police launching new murder investigations to simply hold a press conference and arrest the first person who starts bubbling?

C. L. Fife

TOP TIP

BUSY businessmen with planes to catch. Save time wiping your arse in the morning by eating a bog roll the night before.

Stuart Thompson
e mail

TOP TIP

THE BILL. The vast majority of houses have back doors. Don't look so bleeding surprised every time anyone escapes out of one.

S. Holmes
London W1

Thunderclap claptrap

□ Having spent £2.5 million pounds on drugs in the space of a year, Fleetwood Mac could perhaps be excused for their meteorological gaff "Thunder only happens when it's raining". But the squeaky clean Corrs should know better than to repeat this nonsense.

Mavis Madrid



□ Surely there was no need to move the News at Ten to make way for all-action Hollywood blockbuster movies. Trevor MacDonald could simply read the news whilst on fire, being blasted through a large pane of sugar glass by a huge fireball explosion, flailing his arms and legs pointlessly. In a vest.

M. Radcliffe
Ipswich



□ Harvey Brant (issue 94) wrote that chocolate starfishes were omitted from his box of Guylain Belgian Praline marine molluscs. Next year his girlfriend should buy him 'Royalle' Belgian chocolate seashells. As you can see, they display a chocolate starfish proudly on the front of the box. Inside I also found a rusty sheriff's badge with toffee on it, and a fifties tea towel holder dripping chocolate fudge.

Miss S. Hall
Jesmond

TOP TIP

WHEN running or taking vigorous exercise, always increase your breathing rate to compensate for the body's additional oxygen requirement.

H. N. Loops
Belfast

□ Why are all these headmasters and hospital managers so against league tables? If they don't perform well, at least they've still got the cup to look forward to.

N. Weatherall
E mail

TOP TIP

AVOID the expense of commissioning expensive portraits of your family by simply popping along to the local police station and saying you've been mugged. Describe your loved one in detail to the sketch artist, and when they've finished ask if you can keep a copy.

David Barnett
Gospel Oak, London

□ Isn't it sweet how lovers always refer to each other by unusual or amusing pet names. I call my girlfriend 'Slinky', because I like to throw her down the stairs every once in a while.

C. M. Carshalton

Poo bleater



□ So that little ponce off Blue Peter reckons they should tackle more important topics, does he? The cheeky turd. What could be more important than an elephant crapping all over Peter Purvis? I'd give my right arm to do that. In fact I already have. That Irishman out of Robin's Nest (I forgot my name)

P.S. It might have been my left actually.

TOP TIP

MANAGERS at Byker Shell station. Why not hire an aged deaf fuckwit as your night-time attendant and fit sound proof glass to the service hatch. That way you can ensure that all your customers get a six pack of bog roll and a Lego model instead of the 20 cancer sticks they bloody well asked for in the first place.

Blagwedge
Byker

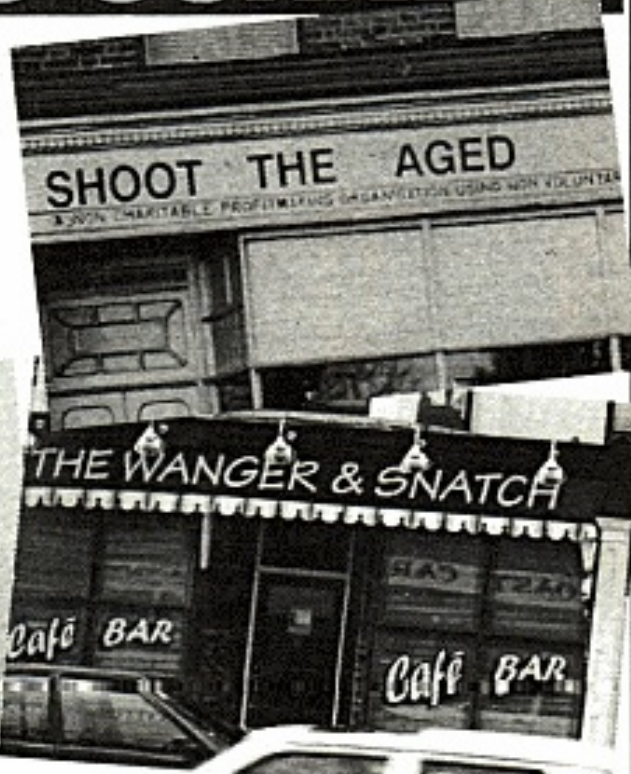


The possibly late Cyril Fletcher's

PHOTO CORNER

I AM indebted to Matt C. of Essex who spotted this shop in Blackheath (right), where I shall certainly not be going, if I am alive, which I'm not quite sure I

am. And my thanks also go to Bob from London who spotted this sign (below) whilst on holiday. No wonder they call Chicago the Windy City! However, he took this photograph in Johannesburg. And finally, Esther, Mr TJW of Great Yarmouth visited this cafe in his home town, where he tells me he tucked into a bearded clam, whilst his wife sucked on a big pink cock with spunk coming out the end.



PUMPING OF PRAWNS
STRICTLY PROHIBITED

POMP VAN STEURGARNALE
STRENG VERBODEN

Food for thought

□ Tony Blair says he eats this so-called Frankenstein food and it hasn't done him any harm. But what about his missus? I'm no scientist, but I don't think her uncanny resemblance to the Bride of Frankenstein can be entirely blamed on her boozy, "Seouse git" father's genes.

Paul Coraci
E mail

TOP TIP

PESKY pubic hairs sticking to your bar of soap? Simply allow the soap bar to dry and then 'shave' it using a swivel blade potato peeler.

John Moore
E mail

□ In Holland Park the other day I passed the headquarters of the Esperanto Society - who campaign for the world-

wide adoption of their own universal language. However, I couldn't help wondering what language they would use to shout out of the window if the building caught fire. I somehow think that "Assisti! Assisti! Propra domo est je fajr," would not be the first phrase that sprang to their big fat hypocritical lips.

S. Dennis
Clifton.

TOP TIP

OFFICE workers. When using Tippex to correct mistakes speed up the drying process by placing the document under the hand dryer in the toilets.

Mark Dale
E mail

□ If, as Freddie Mercury claimed, fat bottomed girls make the rocking world go round, isn't it about time that the city of Derby received some recognition for its contribution to astrophysics?

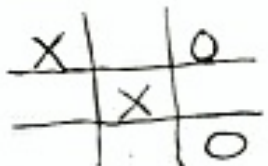
Nell Sedgwick
Nottingham

TOP TIP

TRIM the wings off a bat with kitchen scissors and, hey presto, a pug-faced, big-eared, slovenly field mouse.

Buzz
Herts

□ In reply to Paul Dixon (issue 94)



Your go Paul.

I. Murray
Hove

□ Owners of smoke alarms - where's your fuckin' sense of adventure?

Heron Bailey
E mail

□ They say that good manners cost nothing. Bollocks. I sent my daughter to a posh finishing school in Switzerland, and it cost me twenty bastard grand.

J. Morgan
Wigan

Miriam

SOLVES YOUR PROBLEMS



Dear Miriam... MY husband and I went on a two day motor tour.

On our return we noticed that the figures for the mileage of the second day were the same as those for the first day but in the reverse order, and the difference between the two days' runs was one-eleventh of the total. How far did we travel in two days? Please help me, Miriam.

* YOU travelled 99 miles, 54 on the first day and 45 on the second.

LETTER OF THE DAY

Dear Miriam... I am a corn merchant and I have 21 sacks of grain - 7 full, 7 half full, and 7 empty. I wish to divide them equally amongst my three sons. How can I - without transferring any portion of grain from sack to sack - do this so that each son shall not only have an equal quantity of grain, but also an equal number of sacks? I am at my wits end.

* THIS can be done in two ways. A and B each take 2 full sacks, 2 empty and 3 half-full, and C takes 3 full, 3 empty and 1 half-full. Or, A and B each take 3 full sacks, 3 empty, and 1 half-full, and C takes 1 full, 1 empty and 5 half-full sacks.

Dear Miriam... I have a terrible problem and I don't know who to turn to. I am a pig farmer and I have put my pigs into 4 different clover fields. In the 2nd are twice as many as the 1st. In the 3rd twice as many as in the 2nd, and in the 4th twice as many as in the 3rd. The

total number of pigs is 105. Please, please tell me how many are in each field.

* Relax, Tom. There are 7 pigs in the 1st, field, 14 in the 2nd, 28 in the 3rd and 56 in the 4th.

Dr. Miriam Stoppard
Problem lines you can trust

Fox, chicken and sack of corn crossing river in one boat
0898 6060

FAST TO SLOW and WIND TO KITE
In 4 moves
0898 7070

5 equilateral triangles with 9 matches
0890 8080

Fish anagrams
0890 9090

Calls cost 50p per minute

SUBSCRIPTIONS



Sally, the subscription girl has gone on holiday with Stephanie, her wicked stepmother, and Mr Atkinson, her natural father. In their place is a hardcore pornographic picture, obscured by bags of peanuts. Every new subscriber will receive one of these bags of peanuts*. So remember, the more subscriptions we sell, the more of this picture is revealed.

*Subject to availability

The standard UK subscription rate is £8.75 per year (6 issues for the price of 5) or £16.50 for two years (10 issues for the price of 12). EU rate £12.50 per year. Rest of the world £14.00 per year. Extra copies sent to the same address add £7 (UK) or £10 (overseas).

Tel. 01454 620 070

Tick which you prefer ☐ CD Rom ☐ 2 back issues

Name.....

Address.....

Post code

A Viz subscription is a perfect gift for someone who wants one. To subscribe for someone else fill in their details above and yours below. If its for yourself, go straight to the sticky box option bit to tell me how you're going to pay.

Name.....

Address.....

Post code

☐ I enclose a cheque/PO for £..... crossed and made payable to "John Brown Publishing Limited".

☐ Please magic the money away from my Visa/Mastercard/Eurocard/American Express/Diners Club/Connect Card/Switch account

Card No.

Card type Expiry date If Switch, issue no.

Send to Viz, FREEPOST (SW6096), Bristol BS32 0ZZ

AUSTRALIA: Send to: Gordon & Gotch, Subs Division, Private Bag 200, Burwood, VIC 3125. (Make cheques payable to Gordon & Gotch Limited and mark your envelope "I shag sheep, or kangaroos if I can catch them").
USA: Send to: Viz Subs, 3330 Pacific Ave, Suite 404, Virginia Beach, VA 23451-2983. (Mark your envelope "I'm a fat bastard who wants over pictures of waffles covered in lovely maple syrup"). Or call our USA and CANADA toll free number - 1 888 428 6675.

☐ If you DON'T want us to sell your name and address to other mail order houses, we recommend you tick here. Your name may be at risk from bombardment by junk mail if you fail to tick the box.

OSWALD MOSLEY

The Blackshirt Funnyman



SIR OSWALD HAS GOT STAR BILLING AT THE HYPOCRISY PLAYHOUSE.

I'VE REHEARSED A CORKING ACT FOR THIS AFTERNOON'S SHOW.



ERE — MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM!

MATINEE PERFORMANCE BEGINS IN ONE HOUR, MOSLEY.



RIGHT-O, GUNNOR — I'LL TODDLE OFF HOME AND SPRUCE UP ME COSTUME.

YOUR BLACK SHIRT'S NEARLY WASHED, SIR OSWALD.



DE-DAH, DE-DAH, THAT'S GRAND, MRS MITFORD.

LUMME! I MUST'VE USED TOO MUCH BLEACH IN THE WASH.



JUGGLE ME JACKBOOTS WITH A JAVELIN! MY BLACK SHIRT HAS TURNED A BLOCHY GREY.

I CAN'T APPEAR ON STAGE IN AN OFF-BLACK SHIRT.



MY ACT'D BE FLOPPIER THAN A FLATFISH.

I'LL SOON BLACKEN IT UP WITH A DAB OR TWO OF COAL DUST!



MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM, WHILE I POP DOWN THIS COAL CELLAR.

THAT'S NOT A COAL CELLAR, MATE — IT'S A TALCOM POWDER CELLAR.



I'M JUST DELIVERING SOME SUPPLIES TO THIS CHEMIST SHOP.

WHUMP!



THAT'S MADE MY BLACK SHIRT WHITER THAN EVER.

SWINEL ME SWASTIKA ON A SWIZZLE-STICK!



HOW AM I SUPPOSED TO WRITE MY NEW NOVEL WITH A BROKEN PEN?

TO WASH PEN.



I WOULDN'T WALK PAST THERE, PAL. P.G. WOODHOUSE KEEPS SHAKING HIS LEAKY FOUNTAIN PEN OUT THE WINDOW.

I'LL HOLD ME SHIRT UP IN FRONT OF P.G. WOODHOUSE'S WINDOW.



IT'LL BE ALL LOVELY AND BLACK FROM INK STAINS IN NEXT TO NOTHING.

EH? WHAT'S THIS?



WHITE INK?

OH! OH! OH! NOTHING LIKE A QUICK FILL ON ME P.G. TIP.



FROTTER THE FURRER WITH A FRISBEE! 'PLUM' HAS TAKEN A BREAK TO EMPTY HIS PLUMS.

BAH! NOW LOOK AT THE STATE OF ME.



MY SHIRT IS SPATTERED WITH WOODHOUSE'S 'JEEVES & WOOSTER SAUCE'.

A DIP IN THIS TAR SHOULD DO THE TRICK.



THERE — BLACK AS THE ACE OF SPADES. NOW TO PUT IT ON.

TANGLE IT DUCE FROM A DRAINPIPE! THE TAR IS BOILING HOT.



I'LL COOL THAT CHAP DOWN WITH THIS BUCKET OF WATER.

SPLOSH



COOL! IT WASN'T WATER — IT WAS WHITWASH.

CALL YOURSELF A BLACKSHIRT MOSLEY? YOU'RE AS WHITE AS A SHEET.



YOU'RE NOT GOING ON MY STAGE IN THAT STATE. I'LL HIRE A REPLACEMENT ACT TO TAKE YOUR PLACE.

NOBLE ME KNIGHTHOOD WITH A KNOCKKERRY! THE DAY'S BEEN A COMPLETE SHAMOUT.



YIKES! A GHOST! I'M BETTING OUT OF HERE.



WELL DONE! THAT CROOK HAD JUST ROBBED MY SAFE.



PLEASE HELP YOURSELF TO ANYTHING FROM MY SHOP.

HIL! YOU CAN PUT MY ACT BACK ON THE BILLING, MR MANAGER.



I'M ALL BLACKSHIRTED UP AND RARING TO GO!

AND... WE MUST HARNESS MODERN MACHINERY AND SECURE A MOBILISATION OF ENERGY, VITALITY AND MANHOOD TO SAVE THE NATION.



MIND MY BROLLY, CHUM.

DOOR MATT

THE SPINELESS THAT



HE'S UNDER THE THUMB



MATT'S GIRLFRIEND, CINDY, IS GETTING HER DAILY SHAFTING...
UGH UGH UGH! OOH OOH OOH!
CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!



CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!!
UGHNN!
OOOH!
WOOF!
YEH!
BANG! BANG! BANG!!



ER... IT'S JUST A SUGGESTION... BUT MAYBE THE PLUMBER FIXED THE HEATING? YOU AND HE WOULDN'T NEED TO STAY IN BED TO KEEP WARM.



ER... CINDY, DEAR, I'VE BROUGHT YOU AND THE PLUMBER A CUP OF TEA AND BISCUITS.
HEH! HEH! YEE! BOILERS FICKED!
TEHU!



LATER, IN THE BAR...
SO, HOW'S IT GOING WITH YOUR BIRD?
CINDY, YOU MEAN, GREG AND YES, IT'S GOING FINE. FANTASTIC IN FACT. WE'RE GETTING MUCH IN LOVE AND DON'T HAVE STRESS FOR ANYBODY ELSE.



NO, SHE'S NOT LIKE THAT. THEY SPENT A BIT OF TIME TOGETHER. YES, I'M SURE HE MEANT TO SAY...
OH, I WISH CINDY WAS HERE NOW. I'M REALLY STARTING TO MISS HER.
WHY DON'T YOU GO HOME AND SEE HER?
SHE'S KICKED ME OUT. THE WINDOW CLEANERS. COMMON SENSE IN HAND AS YOU.



BLOODY WELL MATT - CAN'T YOU SEE SHE'S JUST USING YOU? YOU'RE BEING TAKEN FOR A RIDER, MATE!
DON'T YOU REMEMBER WHEN SHE BORROWED YOUR VISA AND MADE YOU WAIT IN THE CAR WHILE SHE TOTTERED INTO THE NEWSAGENT FOR A PAPER?
SO SHE PUT A FEW EXTRAS ON MY CARD. I DON'T MIND.



A FEW EXTRAS? SHE FLEW OUT TO IBIZA FOR THREE BLOODY WEEKS!



NO GREG - THAT'S JUST NOT TRUE. SHE EXPLAINED IT ALL TO ME WHEN SHE CAME BACK.
AAMECINDY! YOU'VE BEEN A WHILE IN THE NEWSAGENT'S - DID YOU GET LOST?
NO - I'VE BEEN TO IBIZA FOR THREE WEEKS ON YOUR CREDIT CARD.
YES - I THOUGHT YOU MUST HAVE GOT LOST.



LISTEN, MATT, YOU'VE GOT TO GET A BIT OF RESPECT FROM HER OR SHE'S GOING TO KEEP BARKING ALL OVER YOU.
BE MORE ASSERTIVE. TAKE CONTROL. LIVE LIFE FOR THE MOMENT. DO THINGS WHEN THEY FEEL RIGHT AND TUCK THE CONSEQUENCES.
HAM... I THINK YOU'RE RIGHT. I'LL GIVE THAT A GO... I AM FREE NEXT TUESDAY.



NO, Y' FICKIN' THAT. TAKE HER OUT FOR A MEAL. TONIGHT. DRINK. LOVE. TALK TO HER. ROMANCE HER. GO TO A CLUB, DANCE TOGETHER, WALK HOME HAND IN HAND...
YES! YES! THIS IS A SIDE OF YOU I'VE NEVER SEEN, GREG!
AND THEN I CAN SHAG HER SENSELESS - I GUARANTEE IT!



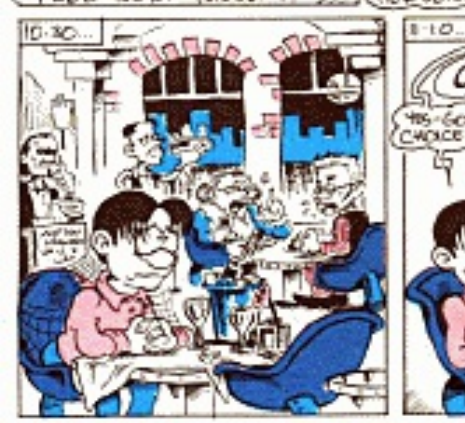
ER... CINDY, DEAR, WOULD YOU LIKE TO GO OUT TO A MEAL TONIGHT?
AYE - I THINK I WILL. WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO, LUCKY?
BEM - WELL, I THOUGHT I MIGHT COME ALONG TOO.



YOU BARKING?
EE - YES.
RIGHT. SEE YOU THERE AT EIGHT.



ER... WANKER! I'M TAKING YOUR WALLET FOR 50P FOR A TAXI. ME AND GREG ARE OFF FOR A SHAG.
ALRIGHT, MATE.
MAKE HER OWN WAY HOME.



10:30...
OH - THERE YOU ARE, DARLING! I'M SO GLAD YOU COULD MAKE IT!
OI! STAVROS! GOG + GRIPS HERE PRONTO!
YES - GOOD CHOICE.
I'LL GET THE DRINKS IN - THE USUAL, YES?



HALF A HALF OF BABY - CHAM AND BLACK AND COKE WITH A STRAW, AND WHIPPED CREAM WITH ICE PLEASE.
OH, AND BUTTER ON THE HEAD PUCKER FOR THE LADY!



YOU SOUND VERY MUCH IN LOVE, LAD. THE LUCKY GIRL!
THAT'S HER OVER THERE. COMPLETING THE MARRIAGE.
SHE'S LOVELY.



ER... WANKER! I'M TAKING YOUR WALLET FOR 50P FOR A TAXI. ME AND GREG ARE OFF FOR A SHAG.
ALRIGHT, MATE.
MAKE HER OWN WAY HOME.



DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SLEEP OUTSIDE TONIGHT? I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.



3 HOURS LATER...
CREAK! CREAK! CREAK! CREAK! CREAK!
YES! YES! YES!



GRUNT GRUNT GRUNT GRUNT!



I'VE HAD A WONDERFUL NIGHT, DEAR. WE'LL HAVE TO DO IT AGAIN SOON.
WELL, LOVE YOU. GOODNIGHT.
OOH OOH OOH!



DO YOU THINK YOU COULD SLEEP OUTSIDE TONIGHT? I'VE GOT A HEADACHE.



OOH!

Matthew Shight



★ **RED** faces at Pinewood Studios, where six-footer **Ewan McGregor** is starring in *Moulin Rouge*, a film about titchy painter Toulouse-Lautrec. Height worries? "No, you stupid cunt. I'm playing another character. Now get out of my fucking bathroom," quipped my old chum.

RAY OF SHIGHT

I WENT to see my superstar pal, **Madonna** at the Hammersmith Odeon last week. After a wonderful gig, I went backstage where she opened her heart exclusively to yours truly. "Who's this asshole? How did he get past security?" she gushed.

★ **GUESS** what. Neither 007 star **Pierce Brosnan** or **Scary Spice Mel B.** were anywhere to be seen in Soho's trendy *Titanic Bar* when I stood on a box to look through the window last night before running away when a policeman came.

BIG Breakfast star **Johnny Vaughan** has to get up very early in the morning, according to my spies at *Channel 4*. Johnny who used to present the programme with **Denise Van Outen** and now shares star billing with bra model **Kelly Brook**, must get up at 5.30am at the latest. "He probably has an alarm clock", one insider at **Bob Geldof** - who was married to **Paula Yates** - 's ex-TV company told me.

CARPETING FOR MATT

WHAT an honour this lunchtime for your illustrious scribe. Returning from loitering outside **Gordon Ramsay's** top eatery, where pop bad boy **Robbie Williams** once lightheartedly spat in my face, I was called into the Editor's office. "Shight, isn't it? You're fired. Clear your desk and fuck off," quipped my best mate, **Mr. Moron**.

KNOW ANYTHING THAT MIGHT FILL THIS COLUMN?
ABSOLUTELY ANYTHING. JUST AS LONG AS IT TAKES
SOME SPACE UP. CALL ME ON 09090 400 915

Liam's back-lane bust-up

OASIS wildman **Liam Gallagher**, whose rocky marriage to **Patsy Kensit** has kept him in the headlines for all the wrong reasons, has made a fool of himself yet again.

For 20 extraordinary minutes, he berated me in the back lane of his £7 million Chalk Farm mansion.

Our paths crossed whilst I was rummaging through his £200 dustbins. "Not you again, you little cunt. It's three in the morning."

"For fuck's sake leave me alone" he yelled, humiliating himself. His ridiculous shouting woke up neighbour **Rowan Atkinson**, who once stabbed me in the face with a fork whilst I simply tried to go through his pockets at a showbiz barbecue, thrown by my old pal **Elton John**.

"Liam," I explained, "I'm just looking for any old rubbish to fill my column tomorrow." After a further tirade of abuse, during which he slurred his words, he borrowed my mobile phone to make a call. Minutes later, Liam and I were joined by my old mate **Bonehead** and a couple of minders.



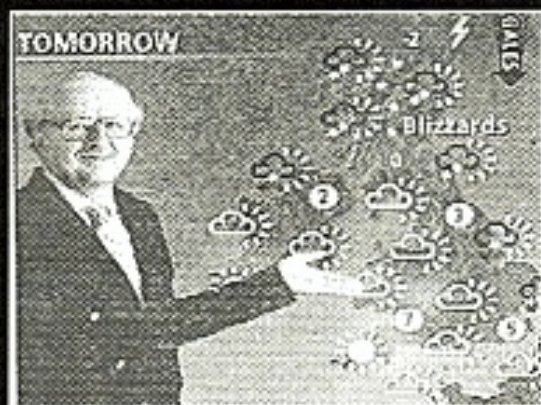
Gallagher: Embarrassed.

"That's it! You're fucking dead," they joked, before pinning me to the ground and cutting my trousers off with a Stanley knife. Liam, then made a complete laughing stock of himself by ramming a broken lemonade bottle up my arse.

"Stick that in your fucking column, you little wanker," he laughed. Well, Liam, that's just what I've done. So who's sorry now?



INDICATES: Fish shows where winds will be high



POINTS: Moves hand upwards

Storm Warning!

THESE EXCLUSIVE pictures show the most dramatic moments from this Saturday's edition of the *Weather Forecast*. I can reveal that weatherman **Michael Fish** points his finger at an area of low pressure over the North of Scotland and a band of rain moving in from the South later. Shocked viewers will also see the veteran meteorologist predict gusting winds and blizzards across the south.

The dramatic episode ends with Fish, who is married to his real-life wife, **Mrs. Fish**, summarising Sunday's weather and looking ahead to the early part of next week. But if you want to know the long range forecast, you'll have to tune in.



Don't miss your Saucy Seaside Postcards

featuring all your favourite Viz characters



Free with **VIZ** Issue 96
on sale June 1st 1999

It's the quiz that sorts the Men from the Boys in Blue

Are YOU a COPPER?

"If you want to know the time ask a policeman," so the saying goes. But if someone asked YOU the time, would you know if you were a policeman or not? With many of today's cops wearing plain clothes, like Inspector Morse and DI Jack Frost, you could be a bobby without knowing it. Wearing a full police uniform is no indication either, you might simply be going to a fancy dress party. The only way to find out the truth is to help yourself with your own enquiries by answering the following questions. Take down anything you say and use it in evidence to find out whether YOUR jobby is a BOBBY.

1 One night you spot someone in a cloth cap and a stripy jumper shinning down a drainpipe with a sackful of candelabras. How many times would you say 'Hello' to him?

- a. Once
- b. Twice
- c. Three times

2 You arrive at the scene of a hit-and-run accident. The victim is a young black lad who has been knocked off his bike and is unconscious. What is the first thing you do?

- a. Check for vital life signs and put him in the recovery position.
- b. Ask if anyone took the registration number of the vehicle involved.
- c. Slap him till he comes round, ask where he stole the bike from and throw him into the back of a police van.

3 You are trying to teach your pet dog to sit and stay on command, but after a few hours he is getting bored and losing concentration. What do you do?

- a. Give up and take him for a walk.
- b. Speak to him in a loud voice to show him who is boss.
- c. Hang him by his collar over a fence and kick him to death.



A police dog.

4 Early one morning, you find yourself first at the scene of a break-in at a newsagents shop. The owner has yet to arrive. What do you do?

- a. Call the police and guard the shop to prevent further looting.
- b. Hurry past, it's nothing to do with you.
- c. Go inside and stuff your uniform with fags, and sell them later to work colleagues from your locker at the station.

5 Your young son comes home from school and reports that he has done quite badly in a spelling test. What action would you take?

- a. Humorously laugh it off, telling him Shakespeare was unable to spell.
- b. Sit down and calmly discuss the problem.
- c. Take him down to the cellar, wrap him in a

mattress, and beat him with a length of rubber hose.

6 At work, your boss discovers that you have been systematically incompetent and dishonest. You are looking at certain dismissal and a possible prison sentence. What course of action would you take?

- a. Resign in disgrace and accept your punishment.
- b. Deny all charges and try to ride the storm.
- c. Accept early retirement on the grounds of 'ill health' with a fucking big lump sum and a full pension.

7 In the bathroom one morning, you notice that the toothpaste tube has been squeezed from the middle, and the top left off. What course of action do you take?

- a. Replace the cap and think no more about it.
- b. Make a joke of it over breakfast, hoping the culprit will get the message.



The police yesterday.

c. Lock each member of the family in a separate room and keep them awake for 5 days. Disorientate them with violent 'Nice & Nasty' mood swings and lead each one to believe that the others have made signed statements blaming them. When their spirit is broken, hand

them a brief and innocuous statement to sign, the last two pages of which are blank, and to which you later add a fabricated confession.

7 You go into a shop to buy a hat. What sort do you choose?

- a. A trilby hat.
- b. A baseball hat.
- c. A tall, black tit with a metal nipple.

8 Driving home from the pub, you are pulled over by a police car and breathalysed. The roadside test proves positive. What do you do?

- a. Admit the offence and vow to change your ways.
- b. Contest the result and demand a blood test at the station.
- c. Flash your warrant card at the officer and drive merrily on your way.

9 What sort of person were you at school?

- a. Studious and academic.
- b. Sporting and competitive.
- c. A big racist bully, pick-pocket and thief with no friends.

10 What do you consider the most important skill you bring to your profession?

Tall and proud, a member of the Metropolitan police. How do you measure up?

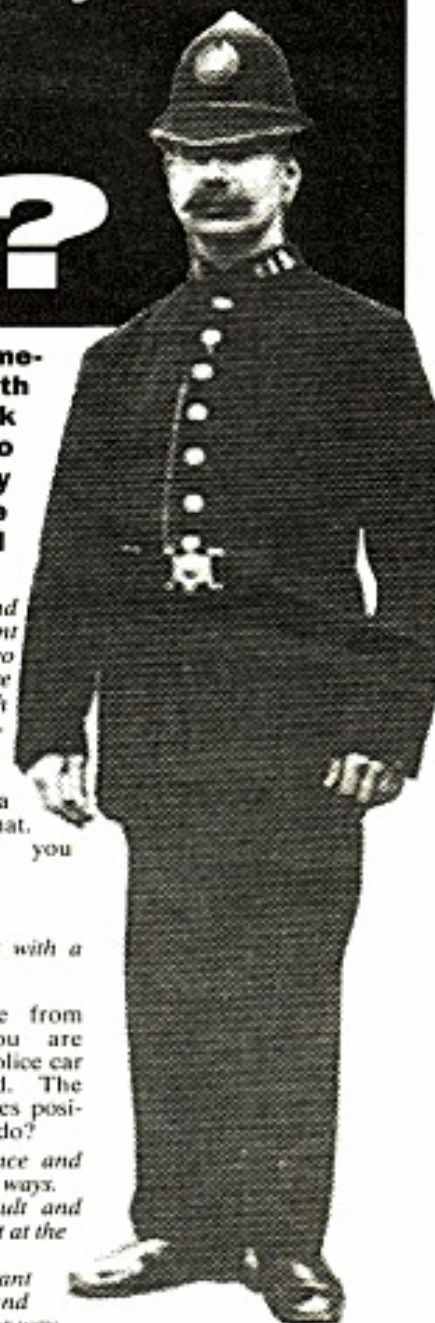
- a. An ability to organise and work as a member of a team.
- b. The capacity to solve problems quickly and imaginatively.
- c. Being over 5 foot 10.


HOW DID YOU DO?

MAINLY A'S: Oh, dear! You are fair, honest, hard-working and you always try to do the right thing. You are certainly not a copper, and never will be. There is no place in the police force for the likes of you.

MAINLY B'S: You are not definitely a copper, but on the other hand you are not definitely not a copper neither. You are somewhere in between. Perhaps you're a traffic warden or a security guard in Top Shop.

MAINLY C'S: Congratulations! You're the Fuzz. Tirelessly pounding the beat in your big, shiny shoes, you impartially dish out justice to young and old, black or white, paying particular attention to the young and black.





**Primary school halfway
up a fucking mountain?
No problem.**

The Satsuma Mohican

The Satsuma Mohican is a unique 4x4 that will take any terrain in its stride. From the traffic-calming measures outside the nursery school, to that pot-hole in Sainsbury's car park, nothing gets in its way. Its revolutionary low-ratio five-speed transfer box and limited-slip differential make short work of the steepest multi-storey, whilst its double wishbone suspension and rugged ladder chassis make child's play of mounting the kerb to use the cashpoint. And when the going gets rough, the Mohican passes the McDonalds Drive-Thru test with ease, thanks to its 6 litre V8 engine and featherlight power steering. The Satsuma Mohican - take it anywhere, but not too far from a petrol station. Call **005690 6151**.

Satsuma Mohican £31,200 on the road. Price includes child seats, driver side vanity mirror, handbag compartment, dashboard jamrag holder, hands-free lipstick applicator, Chris Rea CD, number plates and satnav. Warranty 3 years or 200 miles. Model shown Satsuma Mohican Geronimo £50,500

SATSUMA
SLEDGEHAMMERS TO CRACK NUTS

Jack Black and the Toilet Mystery



It was the Spring Bank holiday at last, and Young Jack Black and his dog Silver were staying with Aunt Meg at her quaintly-named Hangman's Cottage in the heart of a sleepy Cotswold village.



Aunt Meg: Did they really used to hang bad men in this cottage?

No, Jack. It was just where the hangman lived with his family.

...the executions took place here in the garden.



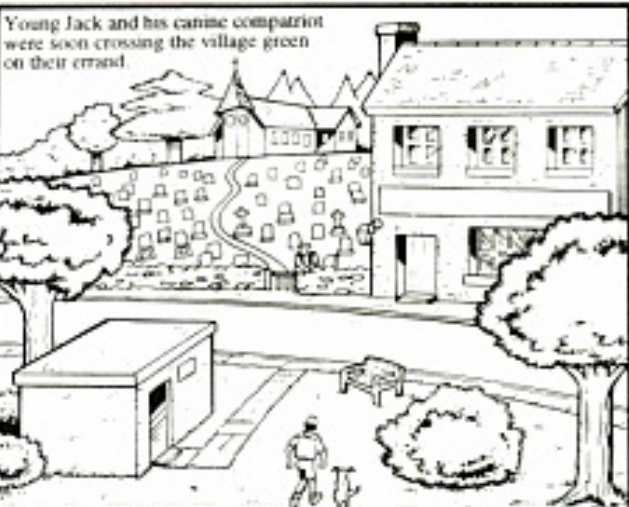
WOW!!

All that's hanging in the garden these days is my washing!



Oh, dear, I've run out of pegs. Be a love, Jack, and pop into the village to buy me one would you? Here's fivepence four farthings in the old money.

Okay, Aunt Meg. Come on Silver.



Young Jack and his canine companion were soon crossing the village green on their errand.



I'll just pop to the toilet, Silver.

After 5 glasses of Aunt Meg's homemade lemonade, I'm busing for a gypsy's kiss.

Hold on there, young Jack.



It was Old Tom, the grumpy grave digger who had spoken.

You don't want to go in there.

Why ever not?

There's been queer goings on in there these past few months.



How do you mean, 'queer goings on'?

Shenanigans, young Jack. Strange, unnatural doings and beastiness.

Gosh!

Take my advice, Jack. Don't go in there.



The puzzled juvenile investigator made his way to Britain's only Police station-cum-peg shop.

Hello, young Jack. What'll it be, pegs or police?

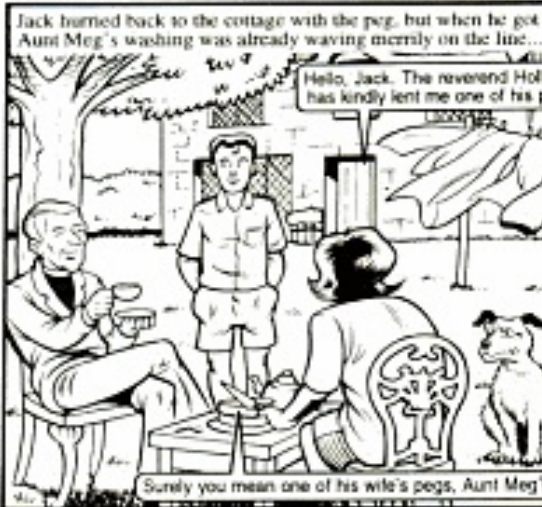
Well, a bit of both, actually, P.C. Potter.



As he sold Jack a peg, P.C. Potter listened to what he had to say about what the grave digger had had to say about the toilets.

Somebody up to queer business in the toilets on the green, eh? I can't understand it. The last 'one of them' around here was hanged in 1636.

I'll certainly look into it for you.



Jack hurried back to the cottage with the peg, but when he got there, Aunt Meg's washing was already waving merrily on the line...

Hello, Jack. The reverend Holloway has kindly lent me one of his pegs.

Surely you mean one of his wife's pegs, Aunt Meg?



Oh, no, Jack. You see, I'm not married.

Now run along and wash your hands, Jack. It's nearly tea-time.



As I was saying, Mrs. Aunt Meg, the plight of the young street urchins of Anglesey is really most upsetting. I was watching a harrowing documentary on the subject only last evening on Channel 4.

Oh, dear me. Tut! More tea?

But Jack was not washing his hands just yet. Something about this view had aroused his suspicions.



That night, Jack and his dog pal made their way to the toilets on the village green. There was investigating to be done. But someone else had had the same idea.



It was P.C. Potter.

Don't go in there, Jack. I've set a honey trap. P.C. Beecham is standing at the urinal with his cock in his hand, winking at men as they go in.

...he's going to arrest the first one who winks back at him.

Gosh!

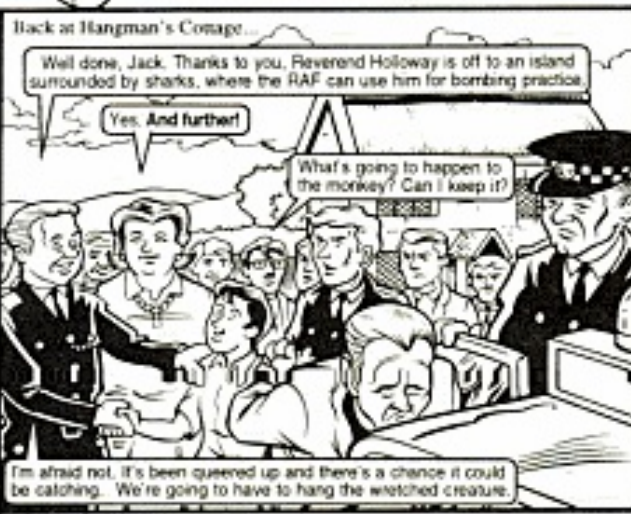


Suddenly, a startled cry from the conveniences broke the still night air, and P.C. Beecham staggered out onto the green.

What is it, P.C. Beecham? What happened?

I, I don't rightly know. I was just standing there.

when I suddenly felt myself becoming engaged in an act of gross indecency in a public place.



A moving picture window on the events that



Zoe
Ball's

Zoe- of the Mill

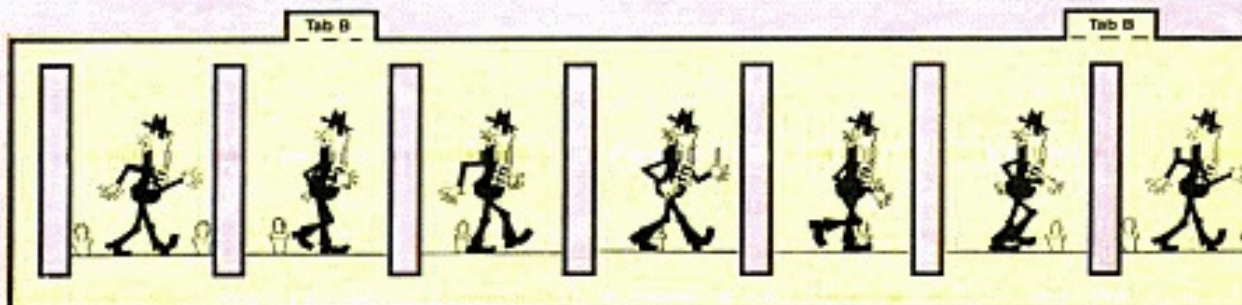
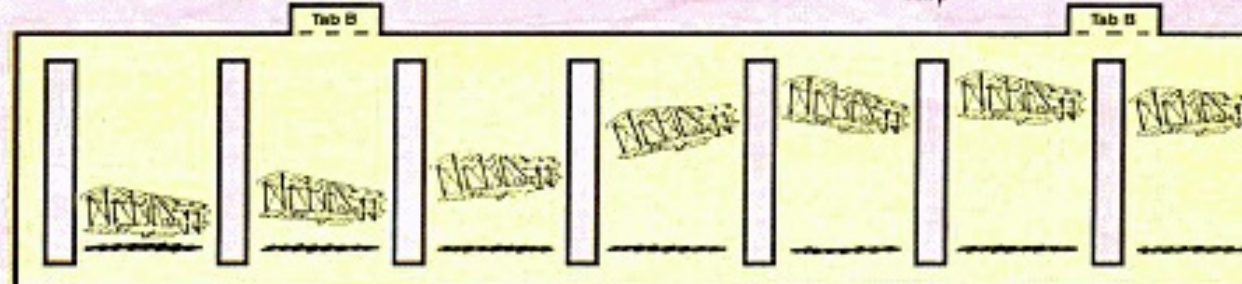
In the last thousand years the world has changed beyond all recognition. At the turn of the last millenium, electric light, motorways and the internet were nothing but pipe dreams. Anyone who suggested that it might one day be possible to fly to New York on Concorde in three hours would have been burned at the stake. But civilisation has progressed at an ever increasing rate and great thinkers such as Galileo, Isaac Newton and Albert Einstein have all left their mark on history.

The story of the last 1000 years would fill a whole shelf of books. From the Crusades to the Industrial Revolution. From Christopher Columbus discovering America, to Neil Armstrong setting foot on the moon. From the invention of gunpowder, to the bombing of Hiroshima, the story of civilisation is a tapestry of momentous events woven on the warp and weft of time.

Now Radio One breakfast show host-cum-lightweight TV presenter Zoe Ball has selected the five most significant moments in history and brought them to life with this fantastic 'Zoe-trope of the Millenium'. It's a unique opportunity for historians to step back in time and experience the five key events that shaped our world. Simply spin and watch spell-bound as history is brought 'Alive & Kicking'.

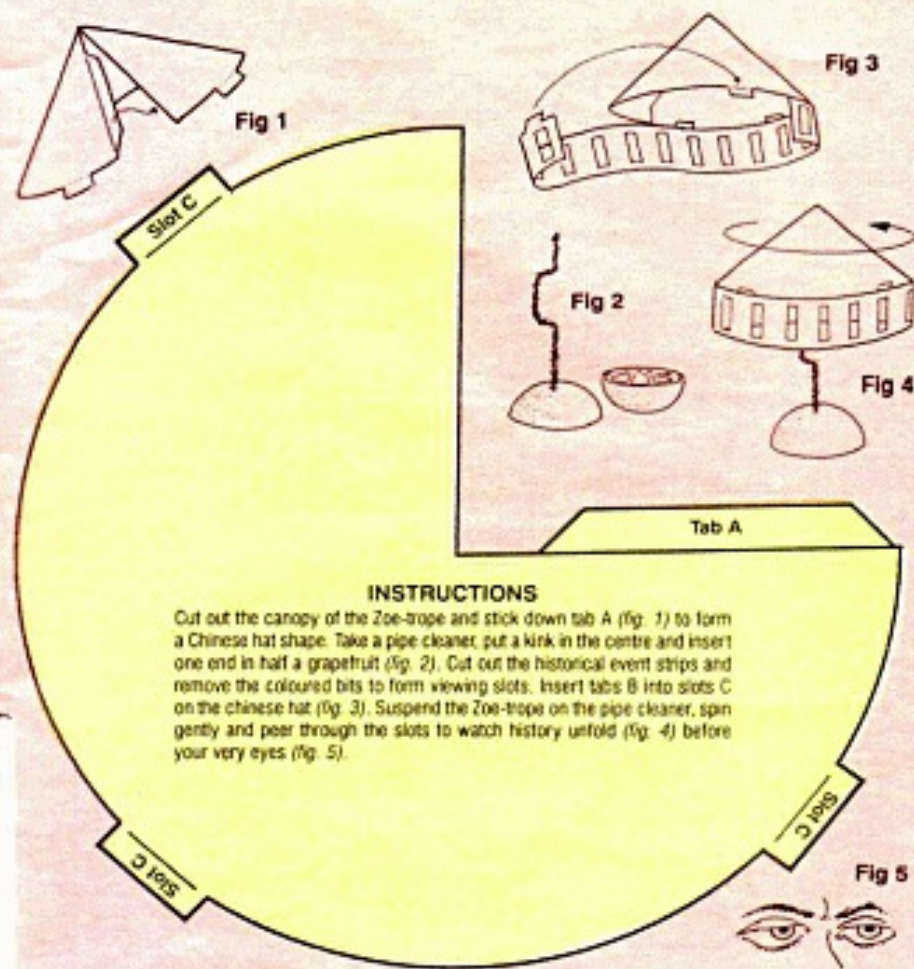
ZOE'S KEY EVENTS

- 1066** King Harold dies at the Battle of Hastings
- 1903** Wilbur and Orville Wright achieve powered flight
- 1983** Michael Jackson invents 'Moonwalking'
- 1998** Robbie Williams releases 'Let Me Entertain You'
- 1999** Mel B. becomes first ever Spice Girl to have a baby.



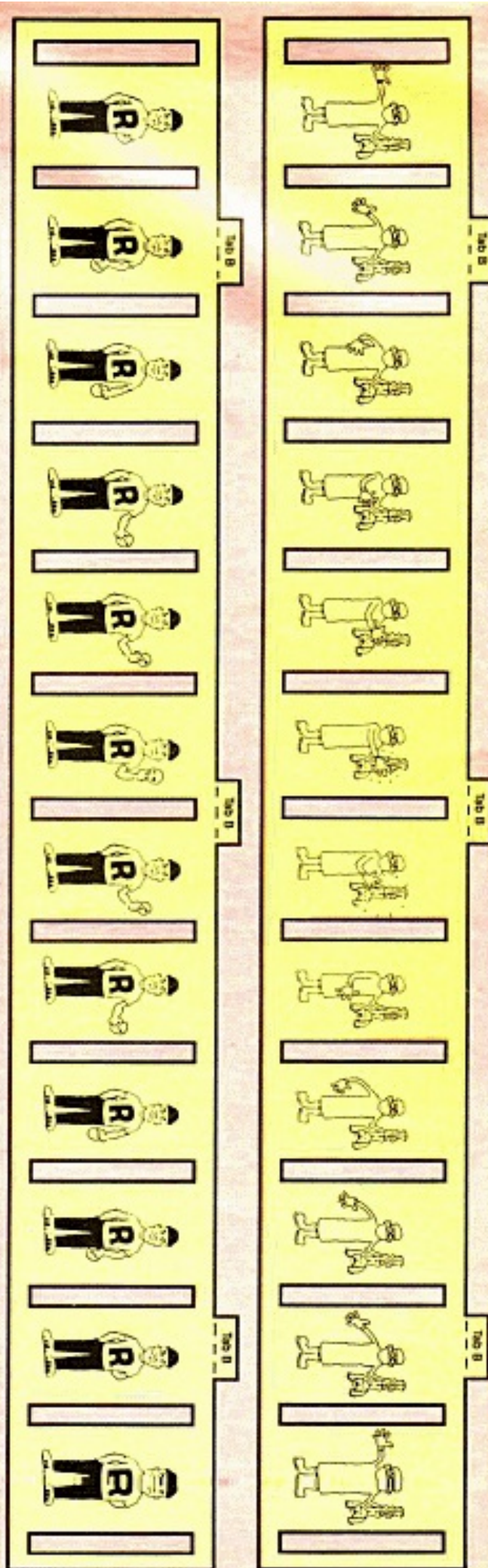
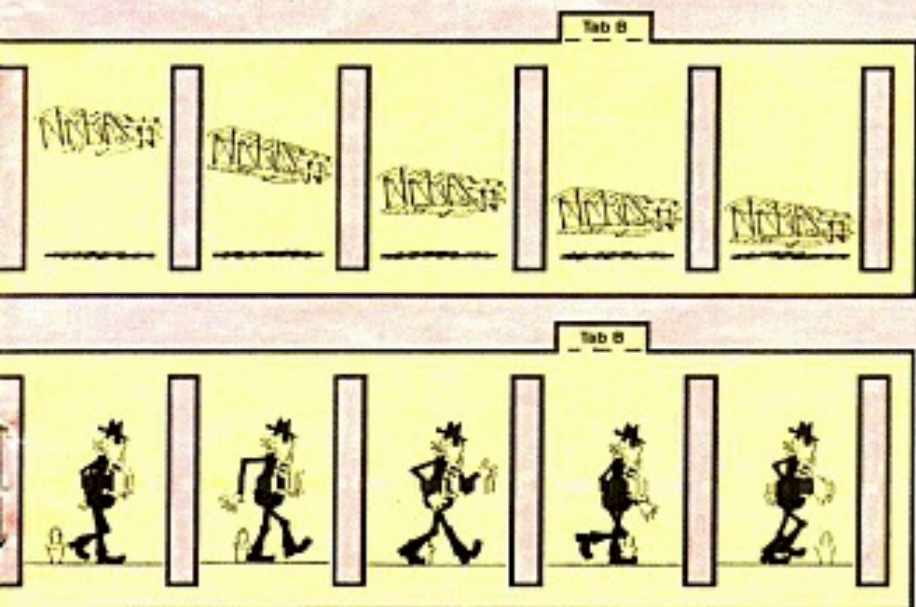
have shaped a thousand years.

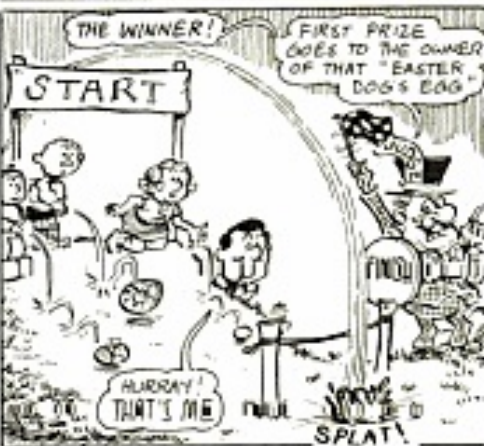
trope lenium

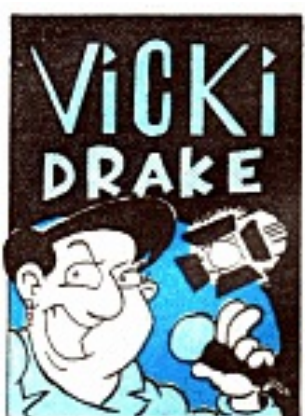


INSTRUCTIONS

Cut out the canopy of the Zoetrope and stick down tab A (fig. 1) to form a Chinese hat shape. Take a pipe cleaner, put a kink in the centre and insert one end in half a grapefruit (fig. 2). Cut out the historical event strips and remove the coloured bits to form viewing slots. Insert tabs B into slots C on the Chinese hat (fig. 3). Suspend the Zoetrope on the pipe cleaner, spin gently and peer through the slots to watch history unfold (fig. 4) before your very eyes (fig. 5).





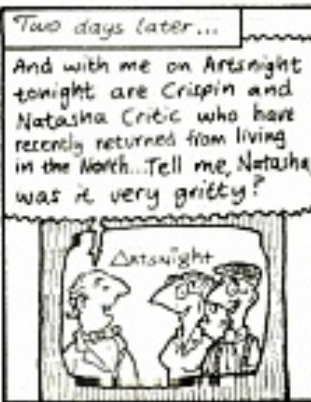
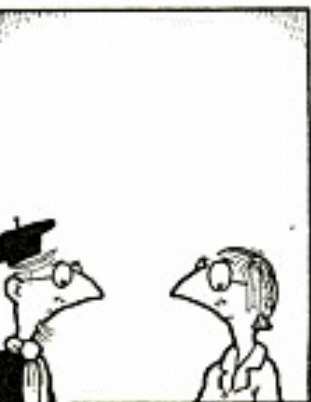


SID **the SEXIST**



THE CRITICS





QUACKING GOOD VALUE!

1 RRP £18.99
Offer price **£1.00**

2 RRP £14.99
Offer price **£1.00**
BLUE EGGS

3 RRP £10.99
Offer price **50p**

4 RRP £29.99
Offer price **£2.00**

5 RRP £22.99
Offer price **£2.00**
COUNTS AS ONE CHOICE

6 RRP £14.99
Offer price **£1.00**

7 RRP £16.99
Offer price **£1.00**

8 RRP £14.99
Offer price **£1.00**

9 RRP £20.99
Offer price **£1.50**
COUNTS AS ONE CHOICE

10 RRP £29.95
Offer price **£2.50**

11 RRP £9.99
Offer price **50p**
SEXUALLY EXPLICIT

12 RRP £15.99
Offer price **£1.00**

13 RRP £14.98
Offer price **£1.00**

14 RRP £11.99
Offer price **50p**
FEATHERBACK EDITION

15 RRP £9.99
Offer price **50p**

16 RRP £17.99
Offer price **£1.50**

17 RRP £14.97
Offer price **£1.00**
WEBBED FEET

18 RRP £12.99
Offer price **£1.00**

19 RRP £15.98
Offer price **£1.50**
POINTY ARSE

20 RRP £11.99
Offer price **50p**

21 RRP £11.99
Offer price **50p**

22 RRP £11.99
Offer price **50p**

23 RRP £25.00
Offer price **£2.50**
COUNTS AS ONE CHOICE

CHOOSE any 5 from only 50p each (+p&p)

 **To: Duck of the Month Club,**
PO Box 50, Slimbridge, Glos.

Please accept my application and enrol me as a member of the Duck of the Month Club and send me the 5 introductory birds whose numbers I have indicated in the boxes provided. I will be charged only the special introductory offer prices, plus a total of £1.65 towards postage and packing. As a member, I will receive approximately every month (ie. every other day) a free Duck of the Month Club magazine. I understand that the quality of the Ducks offered in these magazines will spiral downwards as sharply as their price rockets upwards, and I will inevitably find myself buying large quantities of unwanted ducks that I cannot afford and will never look at. My only obligation is to buy everything from these magazines, and that the minimum length of membership is for the rest of my natural life. If after this period I wish to cancel, I can do so by giving one month's notice in writing.

Membership is subject to acceptance. We may consult a similar credit reference agency to see how deeply and for how long we can shaft your arse.

☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐ ☐

Name

Address

Signed

AT LAST! A DIFFERENT KIND OF DUCK CLUB!

A club that promises you the best and very latest ducks at a fraction of high street prices. From the best-selling Buff Orpington and Miniature Appleyard to the classic Khaki Campbell and Welsh Harlequin. From the Lavish East Indian Drake and Abacot Ranger to the spicy Blue Swedish and Chocolate Runner, you're sure to find what you are looking for in Britain's largest Duck Club.

MEMBERSHIP HAS ITS REWARDS

Our buyers ensure that the selection of waterfowl we offer is the latest and best, and all our ducks carry huge discounts - of up to 40% off duck shop prices.

SELECT YOUR DUCKS NOW

To become a member of the Duck of the Month Club, simply choose any 5 of the superb items shown here from ONLY 50 PENCE EACH! (+ p&p) but SEND NO MONEY NOW. We invite you to examine the ducks in your own home for 10 days before you decide to keep them. Should you choose not to keep them, simply twist their necks, return them to us, your membership will be cancelled and you will owe nothing.



CLAMPER VAN BEETHOVEN and his DENVER JACKBOOTS



ALDRIDGE PRIOR

THE HOPELESS LIAR



ME TOO, BUT I'M ONLY A JUNIOR HOUSE OFFICER. I'M CORING, BUT I'VE ONLY JUST QUALIFIED. CAN YOU TAKE OVER?



NO PROBLEMS MATE. I'M A TRAUMA BUS-VICTIM SPECIALIST OF 40 YEARS STANDING. I SAVE LIVES FOR BREAKFAST, PAL.

BUT YOU'VE GOT TWO LEGS

SHUT-UP FOR GOD'S SAKE! THIS IS MY HUSBAND DYING IN YOUR ARMS. HE'S A CATHOLIC. HE MUST HAVE THE LAST RITES...



... IS THERE A PRIEST ANYWHERE?

ERM... POST MORTEM... ERM... DOMINOES... MONOPOLY-IUM... ERM... I CLAUDIUS... STATUS QUO...



NER! NER! NER! NER! NER! NER!

AN HOUR LATER... OF COURSE IT SHOULD'VE BEEN ME, BUT I GOT THE FLU AND NEIL ARMSTRONG TOOK MY PLACE. HE'S NEVER THANKED ME. I HAVEN'T SPOKEN TO HIM EVER SINCE.



CHUG! GRIND!



HIS HEAD SEEMS A BIT LOOSE... ERM... THAT'S GOOD.



SURELY THERE'S A POSSIBILITY OF SPINAL CORD DAMAGE? YOU COULD PARALYSE HIM

FUNNY YOU SHOULD SAY THAT, AFTER THE OLYMPICS I WENT TO LORDS, THAT CATHOLIC CRICKET GROUND. ME LEG-GREEN BACK. MIRACLE, I BECAME A PRIEST. THEY'VE ASKED ME TO BE FORENEXT YEAR.



THIS IS JOHN. R.T.A. VICTIM. PEDESTRIAN STRUCK BY BUS. MULTIPLE INJURIES. PULSE EXTREMELY WEAK. BREATHING SHALLOW AND IRREGULAR.



RIGHT, LET'S BLUE-LIGHT HIM TO FULBY GENERAL!

EVENTUALLY... OH WELL, WE'VE LOST HIM. I'M AFRAID I FEEL SOME OF THESE NECK INJURIES ARE INCONSISTENT WITH A ROAD TRAFFIC ACCIDENT. IT'S REALLY RATHER STRANGE.



I WAS THERE A PIANO FELL ON HIM AS WELL... ERM... AND A BIG DOG CAME ALONG AND SHOOK HIS HEAD ALL OVER THE PLACE.



DON'T WORRY ABOUT THAT. I FOUND A CURE FOR THAT JUST LAST WEEK.



A CURE FOR PARALYSIS? WHAT IS IT?

COURSE I USED TO BE JEWISH, NO, NOT JEWISH. THEM WITH THE TOWNELS ON THEIR HEAD. I WAS ONE OF THEM. IS THAT THE ONES WHO WANTED TO KILL SALMAN RUSHDIE?



MUSLIMS?

OKAY! HE'S ABOARD!... LET'S MOVE!



SLAM!

EXCUSE ME. IT'S OUR SON. HE WENT IN THERE. DO YOU KNOW HOW HE IS?



YES, I'M THE SURGEON. I'VE JUST FINISHED OPERATING ON HIM. IT'S A GOODJOB HE GOT ME. I'VE BEEN WORKING IN REVOLUTIONARY BIONICS FOR YEARS NOW. I'M HAPPY TO TELL YOU THAT HE'S SITTING UP IN BED TELLING JOKES.

OH, AND HE'LL BE ABLE TO RUN AT SIXTY MILES AN HOUR.



IT'S A PILL. ABOUT SO BIG. PINK, WELL, TOP HALF'S PINK, BOTTOM HALF'S ORANGE. A HUNDRED POUNDS EACH.



CRACK! POP!

OH, ERM. ANYWAY, THEY'VE GOT OLYMPIC GAMES AND EVERYTHING NOW. RAMPS INTO SHOPS.



I WAS IN THEM DISABLED OLYMPIC THINGS MYSELF LAST YEAR. I WON THE ONE-LEGGED HIGH-JUMP. TWENTY-FOOT I JUMPED. WORLD RECORD.

YEAH, MUSLIN. THAT WAS ME. IT WAS ACTUALLY ME THAT KILLED SALMAN RUSHDIE.



BUT HE'S STILL ALIVE.

NO, NOT MUSLIN. BUDDHIST.



STOP THIS! FOR PITY'S SAKE! THE LAST RITES... PLEASE.

I DROVE FOR THAT TEAM WITH THE YELLOW CARS, Y'KNOW, BIRDS WITH BIG TITS. I USED TO TEST-DRIVE ALL THE FASTEST FORMULA ONE CARS BEFORE ANY OF THE FAMOUS DRIVERS EVEN GOT TO SEE THEM.

CHUG! CHUG! VRR!

VRR! CHUG! NASH!

OF COURSE FORMULA ONES ALL A CON. IT'S JUST DONE WITH SCALPTIC CARS. ALL FILMED IN A BARN IN BERKSHIRE.



LET ME THROUGH. I'M A DOCTOR.



CHUG! GRIND!

CHUG! GRIND!



CHUG! GRIND!

CHUG! GRIND!



CHUG! GRIND!

CHUG! GRIND!



CHUG! GRIND!

CHUG! GRIND!

MIMESTOPPERS

In association with Humberside police.

POLICE on Humberside police would like your help in identifying this man who entered the Sproatley Road, Bilton branch of the Co-op at around 3pm on Monday 8th March. He was seen on security cameras pretending to be trapped in a big glass box and sewing his fingers together. He is believed to be the same man who entered the post office at nearby Burton Constable later that week, where he walked against an apparently strong wind and was unable to move a suitcase. Police warn the public not to tackle him as he may be embarrassing if approached. If you have any information about this, or any other mime call Mimestoppers now on

**005690
6145**



THE RHUBARB AND CRUMBELLOW CENTRE FOR SMALL ELECTRICALS SURGERY

All our surgeons are
qualified electricians.



All our anaesthetists are
fully certified sex-cases.



All our nursing staff steal
from the patients' lockers.



Remember- anyone can
call themselves a cosmetic
surgeon.



Even Benny out of
'Crossroads'. No
qualifications necessary.



Our 'No Hidden Extras'
fixed price promise is a
brazen sham.



We offer a free consultaion
with an aggressive ex-
double glazing salesman.



You will not be allowed to
leave until you sign.



All operations are fully
earthed and supplied with
a fitted plug and 13 amp
fuse.



Courtesy transport to the
nearest NHS A&E
department when your op
goes horribly wrong.



"I was amazed
at the cost of my
toastoplasty"

**Mrs. B
Essex**



TOASTER IMPLANTS

I'd always been unhappy with my small breasts. Holidays were a nightmare, there was no way I would go topless on the beach. My husband never complained, but from the way he looked at other women, I knew he wanted me to have toasters. He was right. I cannot explain how happy it has made me feel. Now I'm a voluptuous 500 Watt Double D and I feel like a new woman. I cannot thank you enough, and neither can my husband!



"I was shocked
and horrified at
the bill for my fat
fryer op"

**Mrs. E
Bessex**



FACE FAT FRYERS

When I hit 50, I looked in the mirror and saw a tired, drab face. I tried all sorts of face creams and even tried a complete change of make up, but it wasn't the answer. A consultant at the British Centre suggested that I have a deep fat fryer. Now I look and feel twenty years younger and I'm odourless, thanks to an inbuilt charcoal filter. I am so delighted, I am thinking of having a washing machine up my arse.

**The Rhubarb & Crumbellow Centre for Small Electricals Surgery
00509 925 607 Calls terminate in Haiti.**

If you can find a proper doctor offering the same operation cheaper, we'll cut all corners necessary to match that price- and that's the Rhubarb & Crumbellow Centre for Small Electricals Surgery promise

SHITTY DICK

HELL-O, READERS! I'VE COME TO THE SWIMMING POOL TODAY



OH, NO! I'VE CRIMPED A LENGTH OFF



HELLO, MR RICHARDS SWIMMING IS IT, TODAY?



YES, ME TOO. TODAY IS THE DAY THAT THE BISHOP GIVES SWIMMING LESSONS TO ALL THE VICARS IN THE DIOCESE



WELL, PRAISE THE LORD! FOR I HAVE FORGOTTEN MY VERY OWN TRUNKS...



SO... THEY REALLY ARE A MOST GENEROUS TRUNK, MR RICHARDS



OH, CRUMBS! LOOK AT ALL THEM VICARS...



GOOD JOB I BOUGHT THIS!



GLUG! GLUG! GLUG! GLUG!



THAT SHOULD BIND ME UP GOOD AND PROPER. I'LL NOT BE DOING A SHIT OF ANY SORTS FOR...



...WEEKS! EH!?



OH, NO! I MUST HAVE BROUGHT THE WRONG BOTTLE



EXCUSE ME, THERE, YOUNG MAN, COULD YOU THROW ME THAT INFLATABLE RING, PLEASE?



I HOPE IT FLOATS



B-LOIK!



OH DEAR - A DEPTH CHARGE I FEAR THAT VICAR HAS PAID DEARLY FOR MY SUPPER OF TREACLE TART, BLACK PUDDING AND TWO ROUNDS OF UN-LEAVENED FUDGE



I'M OFF BEFORE SOMEONE LINKS THAT BIG TURD TO ME!



OUTSIDE...



OOER! IT'S THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, THE MOST IMPORTANT VICAR IN THE WORLD



CHRIST ALMIGHTY!! HOW ON EARTH DID I DO THAT?!



OH, LORD. I... ERM... I... ERM... ERM... ER...



IT'S NO GOOD THIS TIME I'M DONE FOR!



DANNY BAKER!



...HOW MARVELOUS TO MEET YOU ME AND MRS THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY ARE BIG FANS OF YOUR DAZ ADVERTS



BILLY the FISH



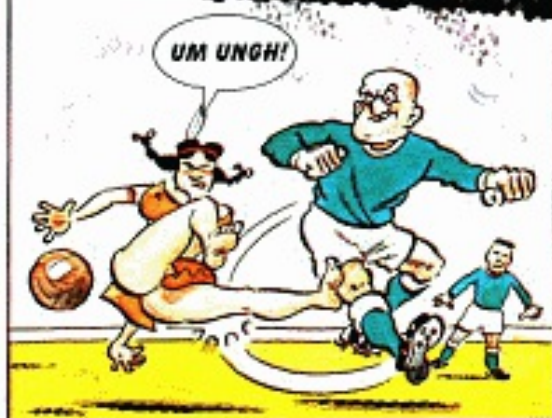
FULCHESTER UNITED HAVE REACHED THE F.A. CUP FINAL WHERE THEY FACE ARCH-RIVALS GRIMTHORPE CITY. UNITED'S VETERAN KEEPER BILLY THOMSON IS ON TENTERHOOKS FOR HIS FIANCEE, POP STAR POSH TART, IS DUE TO GIVE BIRTH TO THE COUPLE'S FIRST BABY LIVE ON THE PITCH DURING THE HALF-TIME INTERVAL.

THE GAME GETS UNDERWAY WITH FULCHESTER'S REDSKIN WINGER BROWN FOX ON THE ATTACK...



ME GET TO BYLINE - KNOCK OVER UM USEFUL CROSS.

BUT THE BUXOM WARRIOR IS FELLED BY A VICIOUS TACKLE FROM BEHIND.



UM UNGH!

THERE IS CONCERN ON THE FULCHESTER BENCH.

IT LOOKS SERIOUS TOMMY. SHALL I GO AND TAKE A LOOK?

SORRY SYD. YOU'RE SACKED. I'VE GIVEN YOUR JOB TO BLACKPOOL PALMIST GYPSY-ROSE BREWERY.



THE NEW PHYSIO GOES QUICKLY TO THE AID OF THE STRICKEN STRIKER.

HEAP WOUNDED KNEE. VERY SORRY.

BUY SOME LUCKY HEATHER DEARIE?



I SEE A LONG BALL GAME. BOTH TEAMS SETTING OUT THEIR STALLS EARLY DOORS... I SEE A LOOSE BALL ON THE EDGE OF THE 18-YARD BOX...



YES? YES? YES?

COME ON. GET OFF THE PITCH. YOU'RE WASTING TIME.

DON'T YOU RAISE YOUR VOICE TO A GYPSY!



MOCUS POCUS, BEES AND LOCUSTS... YOU SHALL DIE BY DROWNING, BEAR NO CHILDREN...

...AND COME BACK AS A SPAZMO.

RIGHT. THAT'S ENOUGH.



YOU'RE OFF. UNWENTLEMANNLY CONDUCT.

AHH, FUCK YOU.



I DON'T BELIEVE IT. SHE'S LAID A FINGER ON THE REFEREE.

IT'S THE WORST THING I'VE EVER SEEN.



SUDDENLY...

WOO-OAH!

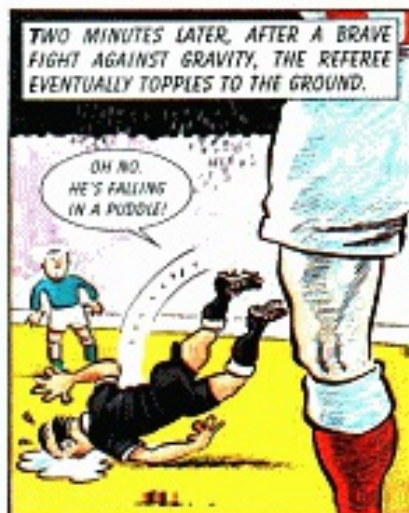


AAIEEE!



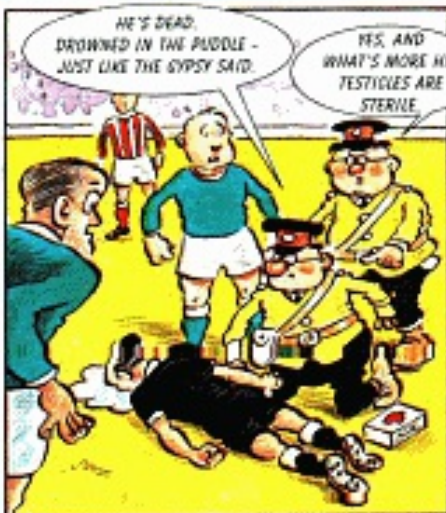
TWO MINUTES LATER, AFTER A BRAVE FIGHT AGAINST GRAVITY, THE REFEREE EVENTUALLY TOPPLES TO THE GROUND.

OH NO. HE'S FALLING IN A PUDDLE!



HE'S DEAD. DROWNED IN THE PUDDLE - JUST LIKE THE GYPSY SAID.

YES, AND WHAT'S MORE HIS TESTICLES ARE STERILE.



AS THE REF IS CARRIED AWAY, THE FOURTH OFFICIAL STEPS FORWARD...

ME
FOURTH OFFICIAL. ME
LET'S GET GOING.

...IN JUST
ONE MINUTE!

A-HEM.
ME BET 5,000 YEN
FOR GOAL-LESS DRAW.

RIGHT
YOU ARE.

THE GAME RE-STARTS AND SOON MIDFIELD BOFFIN PROFESSOR WOLFGANG SCHNELL BSC, PHD, IS LINING UP AN EFFORT ON THE EDGE OF THE 18-YARD BOX.

MMM...
15 DEGREES TO THE HORIZONTAL
...ANGULAR VELOCITY OF 4.6 RADIANS
PER SECOND...

IS
ICH DO NICHT BUY A TICKET, ICH
WILL NICHT WIN ZE RAFFLE.

THE POWER AND ACCURACY OF THE PROFESSOR'S SHOT LEAVE THE KEEPER STRANDED...

GET ZE
FUCK IN THERE!

GOAL!

AND IN A WELL-REHEARSED GOAL CELEBRATION, HE REVEALS HIS SECRET GOAL-SCORING FORMULA TO THE FANS.

ONE
PROFESSOR WOLFGANG SCHNELL
BSC, PHD... THERE'S ONLY
ONE...

BUT FULCHESTER'S GOAL CELEBRATIONS ARE SHORT-LIVED.

VELLY
SOLEY, I DISABROW
GOAL OFFSIDE!

WHAT?!

THE REST OF THE GAME IS OVER-SHADOWED BY A SERIES OF CONTROVERSIAL DECISIONS.

NO
GOAL. HANDBALL.

NO GOAL.

OBSTRUCTION.

NO
GOAL. ERM... KEEPS
BEFORE WICKET.

THE FIRST HALF ENDS GOAL-LESS, AND AS THE PLAYERS LEAVE THE FIELD, MANAGER TOMMY BROWN HAS A SPECIAL PRE-NATAL PEP-TALK FOR BILLY'S GIRLFRIEND...

OKAY,
JUST GO OUT THERE AND
ENJOY YOURSELF. KEEP IT TIGHT...
I MEAN LOOSE... KEEP PUSHING UP...
PRESS HARD AND LOOK FOR A
HEAD IN THE BOX.

OKAY,
BOSS. I'LL GIVE IT
110% FOR THE FULL ROOM
DILATION.

THE CROWD GETS RIGHT BEHIND HER AS THE BIRTH GETS UNDER-WAY...

ALL
WE ARE SAYING, IS
GIVE US A BABY.

YOU'RE GOING HOME IN
A FU-CKING CARRY-COT.

A BREAKTHROUGH LOOKS IMMINENT...

GO ON, POSH,
PUSH! IT'S COMING

UH!
UH!

210-A-210... UH!
210-A-210... UH!

MEANWHILE, HIGH IN THE LIGHTING GANTRIES ABOVE THE GROUND, A MYSTERIOUS FIGURE IS AT WORK...

AND SUDDENLY THE STADIUM IS PLUNGED INTO DARKNESS.

OH, NO!
THE LIGHTS HAVE
GONE OUT!

THE BIRTH WILL
HAVE TO BE
ABANDONED!

WILL BILLY'S POP-STAR GIRLFRIEND POP HER SPROG? WILL THEY GIVE IT A DAFT NAME? IS THIS LIGHTS OUT FOR FULCHESTER'S GVP HOPPER? DON'T MISS THE NEXT INSTALMENT!

**MILLI-
TANA**
and her radical conscience

